8122.b.34(40)
7. England. Parliament

KINGS AT WESTMINSTER:

or, the Junto who call themselves a PARLIAMENT.

For their Lamentable hanging at *Colchester*, and the Havock made of their Sainted Army there, Conducted, by the gowty Rebel *Tom Fairfax*, by the gallant Royallists under the command of the Right Honourable the Earle of *Norwich*, and the most valiant Sir *Charles Lucas*:

As also,

For the routing of *Lambert* in the North, the Revolt of the Navie, the losse of *Pontfract*-Castle, and for the good affections of their Soveraigne.

To King Gowty-Legs.

And art thou lame, what pocky Rheume durst coaze,
On thy great Excellence, the French disease:
Was sure too sawcie, thy Rebellious lookes,
Frights more then Cromwels nose, all plannet struck;
Stand trembling at thy words, and yet though thus,
All could not stagger Morbus Gallicus:
Howle out thy Soul in pain, prevent the ill,
Must else fall on thee, by the hangmans skill:
Vnlesse the *Queen* of Chance, so love thy Good,
That Goring now in Essex, let thee bloud;
Hee hath protested to his Loyall Rout,
Ere many dayes to cure thee of the gowt:
Meane time (good Sir) thou dost not halt alone,
The masters of the Dam'd Rebellion:
Goe, limping too. Fate hath tane off their edge,
And nothing wants, but halter, Fire, and sledge.

M. M.

Printed in the year. 1648.

8122.b. 54

7. 8122.b 34

KINGS AT WESTMINSTER:

or, the Junto who call themselves a PARLIAMENT.

England. Parliament

For their Lamentable banging at *Colchester*, and the Havock made of their Sainted Army there, Conducted, by the gowty Rebel *Tom Fairfax*, by the gallant Royalists under the command of the Right Honourable the Earle of *Norwich*, and the most valiant Sir *Charles Lucas*:

As also,

For the routing of *Lambert* in the North, the Revolt of the Navie, the losse of *Pontfract*-Castle, and for the good affections of their Soveraigne.

To King Gowty-Legs.

And art thou lame, what pocky Rheume durst ceaze,
On thy great Excellence, the French disease:
Was sure too saucie, thy Rebellious lookes,
Frights more then Cromwels nose, all planner struck;
Stand trembling at thy words, and yet though thus,
All could not stagger Morbus Gallicus:
Howle out thy Soul in pain, prevent the ill,
Must else fall on thee, by the hangmans skill:
Vnlesse the *Queen* of Chance, so love thy Good,
That Goring now in Essex, let thee blood;
Hee hath protested to his Loyall Rout,
Ere many dayes to cure thee of the gowt:
Meane time (good Sir) thou dost not halt alone,
The masters of the Dam'd Rebellion:
Goe, limping too. Fate hath tane off their edge,
And nothing wants, but halter, Fire, and sledge.

M. M.

Printed in the year. 1648.

KINGS

AT

WESTMINSTER,

or, the Jacto who call themselves

A PARLIAMENT.

For their Lamentable hanging at Colledge, and the Hayock made of their Sainted Army there, Conducted by the sowry Rebel Tom Ainsley, by the gallant Royal Navy under the command of the Right Honourable Sir [illegible] Lawrel, and the most valiant Sir [illegible] Allen:

Declaring the [illegible] Northern, the Revolt of the Navie, the Flight of Tom [illegible] and for the good Affections of their Soveraigne.

TO KING GOWRY-LEES.

And art thou lame, what pooky Rhetorite dost cause,
On thy great Excellence, the French disease:
Was love so bewitch thy Rebellious locks,
Tighes more than Crotchets roule, all plumes Rhetorick,
Sealed trembling at thy words, and yet enough thou,
All could not Dagger Morbus Gallicus:
Howle out thy Soul in pain, prevent the ill,
Mull ale in Lion thee, by the hangmans skill:
Violate the Grave of Chance, to love thy Good,
That Curing now in Lyon, let thee Lloyd:
Mee he is provided to his Loyall Rom,
Fire many dayes to cure thee of the pox:
Meane time (good Sir) shun deft not hals alone,
The matters of the Damn'd Rebellion;
Foe, limping foe, Fare hath cane out their edge,
And nothing wants, but halter, Fire, and Hedge.

M. M.

Printed in the year, 1 6 4 6.

THE OUT-CRY OF THE KINGS AT WESTMINSTER; or, the Junto, who call themselves a PARLIAMENT.

Their first Complaint.

When we had *Fortune* in a *string*,
And *all at* our command:
Close prisoner, clapt up our *King*,
Growne great by *Sea* and *Land*.

When all men follow'd *Cromwels Nose*,
When wee had gull'd our *Nation*:
And quite subdu'd our *Royall Foes*,
With *Yorkies* approbation.

When as the *People* seem'd content,
We on their *backs* should *ride*:
An *Everlasting Parliament*,
Even at the height of *pride*.

When we had cast to *kill* our *King*,
By *poyson*, in his meat:
Then *Osborne* did find out the thing,
And *England* law, a *cheat*.

MOst venerable *Rabbies*, of the *Synod*, to you we turne our selves, now in our extremity you that are the *Pulpit drummers* of the times, and by whose *perswasion*, we first ingaged a-

gainst our Sovereign Lord, you that have proved by divine Sylogismes, that St. Peters counsell to fear God, and obey the King, is Apocripha, and that S. Pauls advice willing us to submit upon pain of Damnation, is meerly a fallacious Assertion.

No curst Rebellion ever yet tooke wings,
To assail the Person & the State of Kings:
But it deriv'd its current from the gown,
And made its fatall exit, with the clown:
Gouge, Hasilrige, to Marshall, and to Nie,
Wee owe the hatching of our Treachery:
Most holy Dragons, Devils clad with light,
You first divulg'd the Plot, of Hell, and night:
Curst in your mothers wombe, the Bishops fare,
Your vile transactions will obliterate:
Perjurd you are, the Bishops Cap and hood,
Have not been torn by you, though dide in blood
Those decent ornaments, preserved are,
When they assume their States, again to wear:
Was it indeed, that you Pride order downe,
To play at fast and loose with the staffe and crowne;
That so white as our English Machine cracks,
You each may bear six Steeples on your backs:
Have you turn'd absolution out of Doores,
That so you onely may absolve your whores:
We have made use of you as desperate men,
Vse power, and rayse to dust again:
Our own Rebellions worse, our woe rue,
We must taste vengeance, some wise may you.

The *preposterous sense* of *Fate*, was ever *Rebellion* in more thriving course, then under our management, have we not tooke away the fundamentall Lawes of our Land, *root* and *branch*, have wee not forced a single *Ordinance*, as if a *Statute*, have we not taken away all order and discipline in the *Church*, and that the people might loose the fear of *God*, and obedience to their *King* at once have counte nanced a generall *Tolleration*, have we not tyrannized on all our *Kings revenue*, his ships at sea, and his *Militia* by land, have we not a stolen Army whom we keep up on purpose

to

to overaw the people, to plunder their goods (and if we command) to kill their persons at our pleasure, have we not our *spies* in each corner of the land, & more especially in *London* to whom we allow annual stipends, whose task it is, to intrude themselves into all customes, and to insinuate into mens favour, that so they may with more facility learn their dispositions, and resolutions, that so we may be informed thereof, and if we know them *Loyall*, to murther them, or starve them in prison, as we did lately to Sir *Thomas Shirley*, whom we sent prisoner to S. *Peter*, without so much as telling him for what, as also to Sir *Thomas Cooper*, who hath since escaped our hands, have wee not so impoverished the people by our plundrings and taxes, that they are not so much as in a possibility of resistance, have wee not inur'd them so to bondage, that they are as pliable to our commands as the tame *gally-slave* to his oare, have we not clapt up our *King* close prisoner in the Isle of *Wight*, and can we not *murther* him there at our pleasures, are wee not now a *Free* and *absolute State*, our selves *Kings*, and the *King* useless, are wee not.

Melancholicus

——— *most seditious wicked Devils,*

Traytors, who all the ties of perfect Loyalty
Whose best of Faith is parcel breach of trust
Whose zeale serves only for to their own lust:
Lay now aside your bookes, and if there be,
Left in your breasts so much Christianity:
Betake you to your prayers, pain & sighes, groanes, teares,
THE CHURCH must once more fill his Royall throne:
Three Royall Armies martiall arrayed,
Come bravely on, with banners broad displayed: FIGHT,
Whose motto's this THE CAUSE FOR WHICH WE
IS FOR OUR GOD, OUR KING AND CHURCHES RIGHT:
Though you despight of heaven still goe on,
And shall abet, rebowle Rebellion
Yet know and be not blinded, Essex men,
Will have your heads, and ebe their King again:
The Earl of Norwich, Carel, Campion,
Lunsford, Culpeper, Many, Washington,
Villiers,

Waiers, Thomlin, Culpepper, Lyle, and
The rest, that now brave Colchester *command,*
Have lately bang'd Tom gowry leggs, yea so
He never shall, get strength again to go.
The noble LVCKS, *lately sallied out,*
And put the blood-hounds to a totall Rout:
And since hath stuft two Churches, with the Saints,
Who fill the ecchoing wals, with loud complaints,
Hath tane 7 Peice of Ordnance, neat you'd heir,
Your Army's lost, and to adde to your feare,
Lambert *is soundly beaten,* Langdale's *Horse,*
Hath routed all his Army foot and horse,
From all points of the Compasse, now come on
Your miseries, and your destruction,
Inevitable is, where's your Navy?
Fall Trayters on the Land, the Sea can't save yee.
All loyall Soules, now joyne, one hand, one heart,
'Tis that alone, these Rebels must subvert.

They proceed in their Out-cry.

The Army before *Colchester* routed, the *Scots* now in *England*, *Lambert* put to the worst by *Langdale*, the Navie revolted, and the whole Kingdome rising upon us, the Son of our wronged *Soveraign*, dayly expected with an Army against us, which way, whither shall we runne? will the People bee no longer *cheated* with shewes, nor deluded with *Chimeras*, money we have store, but what doth that availe us, must we make those our *heires*, whose wealth was their own, ere we extorted it, doth both *heaven* & *earth* conspire our ruine, but must we fall so speedily, the *Tame Animals* of the *City* resolve to support us to the last, *O lack Hall, Jack Hall*, if raise this invention to the highest pitch, let *blasphemy* and *Treason* both commix, thou shalt not want, either thy selfe or *pander*, write any thing good *Jack*, now thou hast entred *Covenant* with us, thou must resolve with us to fall or rise, if the *Royall party* prevaile.

Ah tum te miserum, malique Fati
Quem attraxis pedibus, patente porta
Percurrunt raligeleque, raphanique.

Ah

O *Little Lilly*, thou that can'st command the stars to move, according to the composure of thy tables, and that can'st cloath the dead *Saints* with flesh, and make the *Furies* of *Barathrum* to tremble at thy summons, thou that imployest the winged *Spirits* of the *Ayre*, to performe thy frequent *Embassies*, thou that hast shoulder'd up our greatnesse hitherto, and perswaded the people into a good opinion of us, for the allowance to 1 *per annum*, and a share of all eminent *Thanksgiving Dinners*, why didst not tho'u forsee, this great unlookt for unlucky change, thou prognosticatedst *peace* and *tranquility*, a happy event to crown all our undertakings, and that wee should prove the most *glorious villaines*, that ever were, now we find *Merlin*, is a true *Prophet*, and that his predictions, are ratified above, his 28 of *June* is come, and *destruction* dogs us like our *Destinie*; ô *Booker*, *Booker*, did not thy great head harbour one conceit for the futurity, could thy *Chrisolite* which thou *soleft*, shew thee nothing, when thou compilest thy last *bumbasted Almanack*, our *Prophets* are planet struck, and our *Diviners* mad; ô *Wotton*, what a myth have we now upon the *Loome*, ô *Wild*, how wildly have we rambled to our ruine, ô *Corbet* what will become of thy *smokey visnomie*, which the *Cavaliers* have threatned to sowse and carbonado, and then send it as an *hoggsface* to Pluto, for him to feast the *Fiends* withall, ô *Scot*, what will now bee thy *Lot*; ô *Warner*, wee sorrow for thee extreamly, for the Roguing *Apprentices*, will now have an opportunity to performe their vowes, and to naile thy *leather eares*, to the door post of thine own house; ô *Lenthall*, our flippant speaker, who hast spake so well for us this seaven yeares, and so dexterously, hast pleaded thy own cause, that thou art now master of many *millions* of money, all which we hope (as forseeing this storme) thou hast convei'd to some forraign land; ô *Challoner*, what will become of thee, and thy *wall eyes*, ô *Rolles*, how are we rowling down the hill on the suddaine, who some few moneths since, sat tryumphing on the top of *Fortunes wheele*; ô *Martin*, thou were wise, and gotst thy selfe with thy leash of *curtezans* into a place

of

of strength, whose shoes yet remain with fixing, till they
be fired about thee, thy ears, and thy head sent for a present to
the *King*: whereas we are here breasted, and stand as marks for
the incensed people to shoot at. O *Tom Keirl*, what will become
of thee, when thy gowsey legs shall be shot off, with thy head,
and armes, and the *Cavaliers* kick thee up and down *Westminster*,
as a *football*. O *Noll*, *Noll*, what will become of thy *Nose*, thou
best yet mortall, which the *Cavaliers* will cut off, and fix it for
a *Reason*, on *highgate hill*, oh, oh our *Dobson*!

Melancholicus.

—— doth haunt you, and the iron hand of love,
Will crush you into ayre, in vaine you strove;
To force the chanderers arms back to his wife,
By voting home King *Charles*, and for a trifle
The peoples ransome, if their madnesse great
Would have accepted, of this second cheat:
Most holy Synod-men, blest Reformers, you
To whom all possible applause is due,
Why should you fear, if sacred Innocence,
Doe guard you, fear not humane violence,
But see their countenances, doe declare
That they of horrid Treason, guilty are,
Guilty of blood, of cruelties and horrors,
Drench'd deep in Sin, chief authors of our sorrowes,
What will you doe, or whether will you run,
Your most inevitable Fate to shun.
They are amaz'd, fall then, as in a trance,
Put on your bodies, Loyalty must Dance.

Since we must fall, let us with our weight sinke the whole nation:

It made *Deucalion*, willing for to die,
When he had all the world, in company,

Let CHARLS be first be made away, by *poyson*, or secretly *strangled*, that we may be reveng'd before we die, but see where the Ghosts of *Strafford*, *Laud*, *Tomkins*, *Challoner*, *Bourcher*, *Burleigh*, and an infinite number of other Innocents whom we cruelly murdred, stand waiting to drag us into *Phlegeton*.

Wee come, wee come, having receiv'd our hire,
On earth, to plunge in hell, in liquid fire.

FINIS.